

1085

THE

LAST DAY.

A

POEM.

BOOK the First.

*Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rhythmo didicerat
Antiquo illo libero & multiformi,
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus & attemperato,
Non numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter Cadentium sono
Metiri.*

Epitaphium Joannis Philips.

L O N D O N:

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LAST DAY

P. C. F. M.

DOCTOR

THE

OF

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OF

OF

OF



T H E
P R E F A C E.



HIS Fragment I at present intend for the first Book of a Poem, which may one Day be published, entitl'd the CONSUMMATION, in which the Last Great Day is principally designed, but the Compass of the Poem will include the whole Christian Theology, being an entire Platform of the Reign of the MESSIAH, and the Dispensation of Providence, from the Creation to the Consummation of all Things.

The Verse is the same which MILTON and PHILIPS and all the best of our Dramatick Writers have used, without Rhime. To the first of whom I must here acknowledge myself indebted for the Terms, which express Ideas remote from earthly Consideration; which he has introduced with so plentiful a Variety, that at once it enriches and beautifies our Language.

Invading another Man's Province, is a Thing in itself so invidious, that as I should abhor the Practice, I would endeavour to avoid the Imputation; what Mr. YOUNG has published on the LAST DAY discovers a prodigious Alacrity of Spirit and Strength of Imagination, but that Piece was certainly never intended for a
just

just and regular Poem, with one great and uniform Design; of which no Subject was ever so capable either in sacred or prophane History. But Mr. YOUNG's ingenious Performance is so far from bearing any Resemblance to it, that a very bright Gentleman, who reads it with an Excess of Pleasure, used often to say, That (with the Addition of Poetical Numbers) it was the noblest Oration he ever saw on the Doctrines of Religion.

I present the Reader with this small Fragment just as it came from the Anvil; what Alterations it may hereafter receive, and such other Particulars, are of no Moment to him; but I thought it necessary he should be thus far informed, that this Part might be rendered Intelligible, and the whole Work appear Rational and Manly, not an idle Pastime or Trial of Wit.



THE



THE
LAST DAY.
A
POEM.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poem opens with a Conference between God the Father and the Messiah, in which God declares the End to which he created Man, and adds, that before that End can be accomplished, 'tis necessary Man should be brought to Justice. Wherefore he calls a Council of the Gods, and confirms his Decree to Judge Mankind. But, first sends Elijah (whom he received into Heaven in Human Flesh, for that very End,) to warn them of approaching Judgment, and inform them in the Dispensations of his Providence, and their Redemption by the Messiah. (For that all Nations shall be converted before the Final Dissolution, has been an ancient Opinion in the Christian Church, founded on some very remarkable Passages in Scripture) Elijah's Chariot is describ'd, and his Voyage thro' the various Regions, till he arrives at this Earth. The Place of his Lighting is described on the delightful Banks of the River Mola, near Banstead in Surrey; with which the first Book concludes.

ALL bounteous Sire, Author of Good, whose Name
Is Wonder and Astonishment, to Him
Be Glory and Dominion, but to Man
From the eternal inexhausted Source
Honour and endless Happiness redound.
Justice reveal'd on high, and Virtue's Throne

Confirm'd in Heaven, I sing of simple Heart,
 Ill-matching such high Enterprize, and small
 Renown amidst the godlike Sons of Men.

But a superiour Power unseen o'erfways
 This unattempting Soul, and swells my Breast
 With holy Visions; gladly I obey
 The heavenly Motion, mindless of Applause;
 If may avail the feeble Essay aught,
 Raising to nobler Views of real Bliss
 Mistaken Mortals, bent on low Pursuits.

O Thou, however stil'd in Heaven, whose Power
 I feel within inciting, hear my Voice
 Imploring Aid; but mostly Thou (who sat'st
 Full in the Bosome of Omniscience, high
 Enthron'd from Everlasting, and beheld'st
 In the Divine Idea vast and boundless,
 Whatever was, or is, or e'er shall be,
 As in a Landskip fair pourtray'd, at once
 Viewing through endless Time from Time unborn)
 Support my Spirit frail, if not uncall'd
 I strike the deep Theorboe, and presume
 Earth-born, to unfold GOD's high Fore-Ordinance
 And Council infinite to mortal Ear.

That Day (with Horrors arm'd, that Day shall come)

Of

Of which, nor Man nor loftiest Seraph crown'd
Knows aught, in the all-ruling Breast inclos'd
Unsearchable, the Dread *Arcanon* lies.

That solemn Hour, on his *Imperial Mount*
Tow'ring above the Reach of Cherub's Flight
The everlasting Monarch, whence he sways
Unnumber'd Worlds from Ages unbegun,
And with each mighty Arm at large display'd
Lays hold on either Pole of the vast Immense
His spacious Monarchy; whence now he wields
This earthly Globe, and in his Ballance weighs
Nations and warring Realms; in Council deep
Fore-deeming on the State of human Race,
Thus opening spake to his Immortal Son,
Of his eternal Will the Grand Result.

O Son, my mighty Counsellor, in whom
With sacred Radiation full emblaz'd
The Glory of unfaded Godhead shines,
My Wisdom's Mirror; to whom alone of all
The Empyrean Dominations I unfold
The secret Councils of my boundless Realm,
(Thee and my holy Spirit) What I have resolv'd
In Providence all-wise concerning Man,
From thee I'll not conceal; and well thou knowest
To

To what sublime Intent I fill'd his Breast
 With such Capacities, such godlike Powers,
 Ennobling his weak Nature, far uprais'd
 In princelike Eminence above the Brute
 Creation: The inferiour Brute, I fram'd
 Narrow of Spirit, of Conception gross,
 And sluggish Correspondent to his State;
 His Apprehension fasten'd to the Earth,
 And slavish Appetite, of loftier Views
 Incapable; but to Mankind I gave
 An ample Soul, to mount o'er Nature's Bounds,
 Spurning the fordid Earth, and entertain
 Godlike Ambition uncontroll'd; And why?
 If only to transact the low Concerns,
 And manage the short Stage of mortal Life,
 The poor distracted momentary Scene,
 Meer Pageant-Dream, perplext with senseless Cares,
 Mockt with unreal Hopes, and then to sink
 Like worthless Insects, born at once and dead,
 Swallow'd in Death and Chaos unrepriev'd.
 That were an Ordinance would ill beseem
 Our reigning Wisdom; nor such End unblest,
 Did Counsel infinite and Power combine
 In wond'rous Operation to promote,
 Af-

Assembling their united Force; when first
 From the bright Confines of immortal Bliss
 I hurl'd those Powers Apostate, and decreed
 The final Retribution, far remote
 From the sweet Radiance of unfully'd Day;
 So far, that thrice three hundred Times the Sun
 Circling his ample Orbit, might survey
 The ranged Constellations all around,
 E'er the keen Lightning's Speed from Heaven-Gate
 Issuing, would reach that direful dreaded Strond.
 Yet, that there might not want to whom to impart
 My Goodness o're-abounding, 'twas my Will
 To frame a Creature of Seraphick Joys
 Highly susceptible (and that Uproar
 And War no more alarm Heaven's hallow'd Rest)
 To make Probation in some lower State,
 Surrounded with Temptations, of his Works
 And Disposition fair; wherefore I rais'd
 From darksome Chaos that majestick Frame,
 Palace for Gods, and in it planted Man
 Sole Monarch, Independant, uncontroul'd;
 Man, whose exalted Faculties endow'd
 With Speculation large, most like Ourselves
 Discerning, might behold on Nature's Works

Imprest and in himself Resemblance high
 Of Godhead, and adore the Hand that rear'd
 His mortal Fabrick; if his stedfast Soul
 Maintain unshaken Virtue, the wide World
 Has hear'd my high Decree, one glorious Day
 Declares each meanest Habitant on Earth,
 A Throne or Principality. He paus'd.
 Whereat the Eternal Wisdom thus reply'd.

O Father, what Dimension e'er shall name
 Thy Goodness? The full-orbed Sun shall waft
 His golden Showers, and the deep Ocean laved
 Yawn on the astonisht Day; but without End
 Rivers of Bounty from thy treasur'd Stores
 Pour forth redundant, yet thou art the same
 Infinite Goodness, and thy copious Hand
 Still open to new Bounties; how in Heaven
 How shall arise that Day, when all thy Saints
 Establisht on Seraphick Thrones, shall tune
 Each his bright Orboe, and in Consort join
 Immortal *Hallelujahs*, and thy Son
 Lead on the extatick Harmony, even Hell
 And distant Chaos eccho to thy Praise.
 Thus ever brightens in thine awful Eye
 The fair Creation, and Resemblance draws
 Nearer

Nearer thy lofty Image (blissful Thought!)
 Whilst conscious Virtue triumphs in thy Reign!

Thus as he spake, with Majesty and Grace
 Attemper'd sweet, most like the Crimson Blush
 That decks *Aurora*, his bright Visage shon,
 Fair Emblem of Delight, and Joy, and Love.
 When with more solemn Process thus advanc'd
 The universal Monarch. Nor in Hell,
 Shall Justice veil her Head, while Goodness reigns
 Visibly bright in Heaven; I've said, on Earth
 Justice I will demand, and now the Time
 Of my Determination presses on.
 I have pronounc'd, and will perform, and just
 The Resolution. Therefore let us call
 The Gods to Council; let 'um hear our Will
 Confirm'd; so shall my Judgments be revered,
 And proud Rebellion know that I am King.

Such was the Conference high, in Words explain'd
 Conceivable to mortal Ear, whereat
 The Heralds wing'd, that Night and Day await
 Before the Throne, the solemn Sign observ'd
 Expressive of the Almighty Will, with speed
 Swifter than Rays shot from the Rising Sun,
 Posting thro' Heaven, fly diverse; thrice they sound
 The

The Arch-Angel Trumpet thro' the Empyrean Cope;
 With lofty Accent, louder than the Voice
 Of brazen-throated Thunder, thrice proclaim.

Haften ye Hierarchs, where-e'er dispers'd,
 Lead on your bright Battalions, so commands
 JEHOVAH, to attend his high Decree;
 Which he this Day on Man resolves to pass
 Immutable; even now the Portals huge
 Unfold Heaven's awful Doom. The Etherial Powers
 Hear'd the Report from Spaces unconceiv'd
 Of that immortal Trumpet and the Voice
 Proclaiming, where they lodg'd in Towers of Gold
 And Opal Citadels, by lavish Art
 Rear'd on the Frontiers of seraphick Realms
 And Empires, that divide the heavenly Space
 Unnumber'd; or by God's Command in Worlds
 Remote and Regions unreveal'd attend
 Creatures of different Mould, unknown on Earth
 Unnamed; nor few from this terrestrial Globe
 Guardians of human Race, that steer the Fates
 Of mighty Monarchies, with stedd' Wing
 Measur'd the boundless Distance. Thus before
 The Presence high from various Climes appear'd,
 And Regions manifold, the angelick Host.

Nor

Nor less in Number than the uproaring Waves
 That ghastly rowl the *Atlantean* Deep,
 What Time the *Aquilonian* Blast enraged
 Rides raving o'er the stormy Main, and turns
 From the dark Bottom her profoundest Flood,
 Such Grand Resort the Imperial Palace charg'd
 Unspeakable. Full of himself, amidst
 The ample Concave, the Almighty sate,
 Sate unapproach'd; below the Hierarchal States,
 Ten thousand thousand Demigods await
 His Motion, he his Scepter gently bowing
 In Signal of Permission, strait assume
 The immortal States with Reverence due, their Thrones
 Order above Order, in bright Array
 Like radiant Constellations: From his Throne,
 His Throne sure founded on a Diamond Rock,
 Majestick spake the Almighty Emperor
 Of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell; that dreadful Hour,
 Each in his Orb, the Planetary Worlds
 Attentive paus'd; the Etherial Potentates
 Hung on the deep Importance of his Speech
 Awestruck with Admiration dumb, at once
 Heaven, Earth, Hell, *Chaos* trembled as he spake.

O Progeny of Heaven attend, whoe'er
 In Heaven, or Earth, or far divided Worlds
 Wait my Commission, all ye mighty Powers,
 Empires, and Principalities, and Thrones,
 Know my Decree; 'tis past; to judge Mankind
 I have decreed; 'tis I, *J E H O V A H* stiled,
 I have decreed; and who so bold shall say
 Hold, or arrest my Arm? And what has all
 The undetermin'd universal Vast
 But me alone? And shall not my Resolves
 Stand constant and immoveable? They shall,
 Though all the Gods and all whate'er of Power
 Celestial and Infernal, all combined
 To oppose my Will. Of ancient Time I taught
 The Apostate Dominations; mine alone
 Was Sov'ranty and Empire. Fondly they deem'd
 To plant their Idol-Monarch on our Throne,
 Our holy Mount; but with their boastful Prince
 Fell roaring through the baleful Deep, enwapt
 In Hurricanes outrageous, and mad Storms
 Of sulphurous Flame; where now they curse their Rage,
 Extravagance and Folly, curse themselves
 And still shall curse; such was my Sov'ran Doom
 Pronounc'd of old; such Prize forever waits

The

The Disobedient ; nor shall sinful Man
 Escape my Wrath ; then happy they who stood
 Firm in Allegiance ; dreadful shall that Day
 Arise on Rebels, I have vow'd, it shall.
 And still I am *J E H O V A H*, well I know
 Obedience to reward, on Rebel Foes
 Justice to enact, nor Fear in aught Controul.

He spake, and at the fearful Moment of his Word
 Impassive Virtues trembl'd and stood mute,
 Fading their heavenly Forms, like mortal Men ;
 When thus in mitigating Terms resumed
 The lofty Thunderer, his awful Speech.

But yet I must be gracious, Man is still
 My Creature and my darling Son ; for him
 I rais'd that spacious Platform on the Void,
 The sublunary World ; and to his Will
 Subdued the various Habitants of Air,
 And Land, and Ocean, for his sake alone
 Created ; and for whom should I repent,
 Or alter my determined Will ? If *G O D*
 Arise in Wrath to Judgment, who of all
 Cherubs and Powers Seraphick, might confront
 Impartial Justice ? Nor am I that Prince,
 That Passion or wild Caprice should disturb

My

My steddý Sway of Empire, free as Space,
 That bosomes in his capable Profound,
 The Universe of Things; Goodness immense
 Embraces all Creation; nor shall Time
 Or Place unfix my stated Law. This Day,
 Let it confirm my Purpose; Lo! to Man
 I send my Minister of Grace Supreme,
 To warn him of my Judgments, and inform
 His uninstructed Spirit in the Ways
 Of Providence eternal; from that Voice
 All Nations shall acknowledge and adore
 Their great Redeemer, and in him receive
 Offers of Love and Mercy unconfined.
 And thou *ELIJAH* hear, thee I ordain
 My Agent and Interpreter; ascend
 Thy flaming Chariot, and with Whirlwind Speed
 Revisit yon terrestrial Globe; with thee
 My Spirit shall be present, and supply
 My solemn Errand to thy godlike Tongue.

Such was the high Behest, the Sons of Morn
 With Acclamations loud of Praise alarm'd
 The jocund Ether, with redoubl'd Peals
Hosannas met *Hosannas* in mid Sky
 Clashing, aloft the Tumult reign'd of Joy

And

And Exaltation (like the gallant Sound
 Of Lawrel'd Squadrons, to whose righteous Arms
 The Almighty Monarch judg'd the fatal Prize
 Of Conquest, Cannons roar, and Clarions bray
 And sprightly-larum Drums; with Transport grim
 The youthful Warrior smiles, and eager gripes
 His Silver-pommel Sword.) 'Tis he they sang
 'Tis he, *J E H O V A H*, Virtue is his Essence,
 And Glory his Reflection, ever One,
 Here and thro' boundless Space to endless Time,
 Goodness itself in Person, and each Name
 Of Praise and Adoration and Renown,
 Empire and Excellence; thou art *T H Y S E L F*
 Astonishment profound! The solemn Blast
 Rowl'd round the Concave huge, with strong Rebound
 Triumphant Ecchoes shook the pompous Dome;
 Strong as the deep-lung'd Hurricane that wakes
 The *Adriatick* stormy Surge. Mean Time
J E H O V A H's high Embassador prepared
 His wond'rous Convoy, and with godlike Mien
 Stood on the gorgeous Axe; of solid Flame,
 That same Empyrean Substance, which compiled
 Heaven's mural Battlements, and archt the Seat
 Of Monarchy Supreme; his Chariot shone

Wide-blazing, and out-brav'd the ambitious Sun
 Rob'd in Meridian Glory ; long it lay
 Treasur'd remote from the Armoury of God,
 In cavern'd Alabaster, from that Hour
 When young *ELIJAH* left the low-hung Earth
 Mounting the starry Pavement ; for in Days
 Of elder Record, and in *ISRAEL*'s Realm,
 Of human Seed was that great Prophet born ;
 Long he convers'd on Earth, and Deeds perform'd
 Amazement strange to Mortals ; thence before
JEHOVAH, righteous above human Race,
 Approv'd his steddy Faith ; the Evening Calm
 Smil'd on the florid Earth, on *Jordan*'s Bank,
 On ancient *Jordan*'s Bank the Prophet stood,
 And rearing his thrice-hallow'd Mantle high,
 Smote on the headstrong Flood, the headstrong Flood
 Retreating left his Channel bare, between
 The massy Waves like two transparent Rocks
 Dazling the falling Sun, on solid Ground
 Undew'd, he pass'd and gain'd the distant Shore.
 When stooping on a gentle Gale, behold !
 With flaming Equipage a Chariot girt
 Embrac'd his mortal Steps, and wafting bore
 Thro' the clear Ambient ; *ISRAEL*'s Sons beheld,
 And

And lifting their expanded Arms, pursu'd
 With Outcries and strange Hubbub; soon he cleft
 The polish'd Sky; the Man alone, to whom
 Was granted to behold in human Flesh
 The ever-living Monarch, and converse
 In Banquet with the Gods: But now appear'd
 The important End to which the Eternal King
 Exalted his terrestrial Mould; for now
ELIJAH glad embark'd to bear his Will
 In human Shape to Mortals; shod with Fire,
 Caparison'd in Fire, the Etherial Steeds
 Champ'd on their golden Snaffles, like the Mouth
 Of sulphurous bowell'd Cannon, volley'd Flames
 Thick-pouring stretch'd their Nostrils huge; all seem'd
 Chariot, and Charioteer, and ramping Steeds,
 Wrapt in a Blaze; beneath their sounding Road
 The immortal Champain burnt; swifter than Thought
 They pass'd a Thousand Emperies, and Realms,
 And spacious Provinces, and at the Gate,
 That conscious open'd to their solemn March
 Like bursting Thunder, rush'd with torrent Main;
 Like Thunder Tempest-wing'd, that at the Nod
 Of angry Justice, leaps impetuous forth
 Rowzing his Iron Pennons, and demands

Ven-

Vengeance aloud ; before his hideous Drift
 He rows the black swollen Clouds, and drives his Way
 Thro' Ruin and large Havock ; from the Gate
 Of Loftiest Heaven such Tempest bore aloof
 Those stately Coursers thro' the Sevenfold Heavens,
 Regions immense ! where various Orders dwell,
 And manifold Degrees of Spirits reign,
 In Prospect of superior Blis ; from thence,
 Quite from the uttermost Chrifalline Sphere,
 Into the boundless Uniform, they hurl'd
 Their fiery Car, and at one dauntless Plunge
 O'erleapt the Space, which *Titan's* beamy Waine
 Measures each Day above yon Azure Roof,
 From the *Eastern* Barrier to the *Atlantick* Goal,
 Vaulting enormous ; Dost thou not behold
 Direct in View, those haughty-courag'd Steeds
 Launching at length a-cross the Etherial Main ?
 The wide extravagant, disproportion'd Vast
 Was but a narrow Field ; with bold Disdain
 Shaking their flaky Manes, at large they range
 Thro' Worlds, and Systems numberless of Worlds,
 Which the magnifick Architect of old
 Built on the Marble Firmament, to praise
 His Goodness and declare his Power ; anon,

(As

(As thro' some vast wide-straggling Forrest Scene,
 Where Cedars tall and Lordly-branching Oaks
 Perplex the distant Vision) they discern'd
 This Globe remote within the numerous Orbs
 In Prospect, like the narrow Speck at which
 The dextrous Archer, priding in his Skill,
 Directs his level Aim: Thence tow'ring on
 Unbated, at the Ninth prodigious Bound,
 They reacht the lucid *Hyaline*, whose Wall
 Circling includes this Universe; whereat
 The Etherial Envoy held his travell'd Car,
 Surveying this Terrene; the gaudy World
 Revell'd in Luxury, the mad Uproar
 Of frantick Glory reign'd, when sudden, lo!
 Spreading between the *Scorpion* and the *Scale*,
 A dreadful Inundation all on Fire
 Invelopt the wide Hemisphere; to view
 As when (dire Image of a World in Flames)
 A Blazing Comet (its horrible Extent
 Most like an ample Torrent, from the Pole
 Wide-stretching o'er the burning Line) bestrides
 This Horizontal Cope, a thousand Realms
 Tremble and pray, lest its disastrous Sweep
 Whelming involve this wand'ring Globe disorb'd,

And drive her flaming down the Eternal Void.
 Such was the horrid Semblance, on this Earth
 Pointing direct his Blood-shot Beam, at once
 Horror and dire Amazement shook the Souls
 Of simple Mortals, breathless to and fro
 They hurry all aghast, with hideous Moan,
 Howling and Shreeking, like unhallow'd Ghosts
 Scap'd from their torturing Mansion, glaring wild
 Their stiffen'd Eye-Balls rowl ; (where should it light?
 Or what had Wrath supreme prepar'd to hurl
 A guilty World in Ruins?) For even now
 Each Moment they beheld the globous Earth,
 Forrests, and rowling Seas, and Tower-built Hills
 Swallow'd by that insatiate Flame ; but soon
 That Tumult ceas'd, and milder Thoughts ensu'd
 Of Joy and Gratulation ; for aloof
ELIJAH nimbly travers'd where he stood,
 The Nations variously dispers'd, and Tribes
 Of Mortal Men, darting a sudden Glance
 From Pole to Pole, and onward mov'd his State.
 At his Approach the Tempest-teeming Clouds
 Headlong retir'd, and stood on either Hand
 Like Mountains rowl'd on Mountains, opening large
 The unobstructed Road ; serene he trod
The

The unquiet Fields , where salvage Whirlwinds play
 Their horrid Game, and lawless Thunders roar,
 Shaping his Journey to that pleasant Spot,
 That o'er the *Northern* Billows bears its Head,
 By Titles of redoubted Fame, on Earth,
 Great Empress of the innumerable Flood,
Britain and warlike *Albion* proudly stil'd.

On *Suthrionian* Lawns, where *Mola* dives
 His Silver Stream, beneath the Mountain-Brow
 Crown'd with a Paly Grove, and murmurs low
 Within the craggy Cavern, circling round
 A woody Theatre, with Pride surveys
 The loveliest Dale, that to the Dew-lipt Air
 Expands her Damask Lap, with Grottoes cool
 Bow'ring and silent Arborets; where oft
 Enchaunted Bards watch the Night-courfing Stars,
 Or under Moon-shade joyn in Conference sweet
 The Guardians of melodious Song ; and oft
 The Hind returning with his Team unyokt,
 Gliding a-cross the glimmery Twylight fees
 Angelick Forms, amaz'd; and listens oft
 From the caulm Summit of a lonely Hill
 Surprizing Strains on the still Air a-float,
 Celestial Harmony ; that hallow'd Ground

The

The Prophet soon discry'd, and lighting rein'd
 His fiery-footed Steeds; the emblazon'd Ille;
 Like a potentous Meteor shone throughout,
 One undistinguisht Flame, discharging wide
 Her lavish Splendor on the distant Wave

F I N I S.

